

INTIMATIONS.

THEATRE ROYAL.
CITY HALL, HONGKONG.
LOFTUS TROUPE!!
THE LOFTUS TROUPE!!
THE LOFTUS TROUPE!!!
NOTICE.
An Agent of the above Company having
received by French Mail from Yokohama,
most respectfully to inform the public, and
the Patrons of the "LOFTUS TROUPE," that owing
great and unprecedented success of the
troupe in Shanghai and Yokohama, the
management have been persuaded to POST-
PONE THEIR SEASON here until about the
15th of this month, and that they will
have the honour of appearing for the first
time in Hongkong in
MAY and JULY, and CELEBRATED AND
WELL-KNOWN COMIC OPERA
TRUPE
OF PENZANCE
OR
"THE SLAVE OF DUTY."
The Company has been so
informed by this Company for over 200
times in the chief cities of Australia, India,
Africa, China and Japan.
AND APPROPRIATE SURNAMES BY
C. J. BARBER.
C. J. BARBER, Resident

for further Particulars please see future
 announcements.

PRICES:

25 Circle and Stalls.....	\$2.00
.....	\$1.00

SUBSCRIPTION TICKETS.

25 Circle or Stalls, 12 Nights.....	\$20.00
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plan now ready at Messrs. KELLY &
Sons.
BARTLEY O'BRIEN,
Agents.
November, 1883. [1993
NOTICE.

MAQUÉBOUT'S POSTE FRANCAIS.
 The Company's Steamship
 "MENZALEH."
 will be despatched for
 YOKOHAMA,
 on the 6th instant, at EIGHT A.M.
 G. DE CHAMPEAUX.

November, 1883.

NOTICE.

COMPAGNIE DES MESSAGERIES
MARITIMES.
PAQUEBOTS POSTE FRANCAIS.
The Company's Steamship
"IRAGUARDY"

and Pasquanni, will be despatched for
SHANGHAI,
DAY, the 6th instant, at TEN A.M.
G. DE CHAMPEAUX,
Agent.
November, 1883.

FOR SHANGHAI.
Shipping Cargo and Passengers at through rates
to SHANGHAI, TIENTSIN, NEWCHANG.

THE Steamship,
"GLENELG,"
will be despatched as above
on the 6th instant, at Noon.
For Freight or Passage, apply to
JARDINE, MATHESON & Co.
November, 1883. [2010]

OR LONDON, VIA SUEZ CANAL.
The Company's Steamship
"ACHILLES."
Jain Anderson, will be despatched as above
DAY, the 6th instapt, at 1 P.M.
Freight or Passage, apply to
BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents.
1 November 1883 [1792

THE CHINA AND MANILA STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.
FOR MANILA VIA AMOY.
The Company's Steamship
"DIAMANTE,"
Sain Cullen, will be despatched for the
the Ports TO-MORROW, the 7th inst., at

For Freight or Passage, apply to
RUSSELL & Co.,
 General Managers.
 11th November, 1883. [2011

FOR SAIGON.

THE Steamship

"ELECTRA,"

Leave for the above place on **TUESDAY:**

loading will commence on the 7th instant.
For Freight or Passage, apply to
SOEY SHING,
Bonham Strand.
11th November, 1883. [2012

A V I S.
UNE ADJUDICATION PUBLIQUE.

banelleries du Consulat de France à Hong-
rie, le Mercredi, 14 Novembre courant, à 2 h.
après midi, pour la fourniture totale, (en 4
lots de 1,500 tonnes chacune, du 1er au
15 de chaque mois, à partir du 1er. Décembre,
de 6,000 TONNES DE CHARBON.
Newcastle d'Australie, livrables à Hong-
rie, pour le compte du service administratif
de la Légation de France, et de la Légation

du contrat est déposé à la disposition du
 dio à la Chancellerie du Consulate de France
 Hongkong.
 Hongkong, le 3 Novembre, 1883.
 Le S^t Commissaire de la Division
 de Chine et du Japon.
 G. DE MONTJAMONT.

W. B. R. E. W. E. R is now showing
 a large collection of American, Eng-

and many Novelties.

NEW EASEL ALBUMS.
NEW OLD GOLD PHOTO SCREENS.
QUEENIE PLAYING CARDS.
GOLDEN CLOUD TOBACCO.
SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES.
W. BREWER.

GENTLEMAN who has had long and varied experience in Commercial Business, and is quite competent to take charge of Accounts, Cash, Correspondence, or the General Management of an Office, is open to a re-engagement in China at the end of the year. Acceptable references. Address
DELTA,
Post Office, Amoy.

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EXTRACTS.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN'S SONG OF THE SITUATION.

Att.—"My Queen,"
I am not unwilling to meet her,
But I know her name, which I will not play.
Whether she'll believe, or I should best her,
I know not quite, but I shall give way.
In France is selfish, and I am not here,
She'd take all the money and her wing,
And rob me of all the money and her wing,
That I got from thee, Ton-king, Ton-king!
France has been going it awfully lately,
Kicking up a bobble and a right,
But I rather think she is coming greatly,
If she suppose I shall not fight.
My name is calm, but I carry a sting;
And if she comes, I will carry it ready
To battle for thee, Ton-king, Ton-king!
If France will be courteous, I'll be long,
For France's kindness I greatly love;
But that "neutral zone" means "collaring," wholly,
And though I'm "childlike," I'm not a dove.
My anxiety I am game for keeping;
France is our neighbor, but we're not weeping.
And men shall fall, and women go weeping,
Ere I cease to hold thee, Ton-king, Ton-king!
—Finch.

GONE OVER.

I.
"Come hither, come hither!" the broom was in bloom
All over the house.
There was a little woman of brown hair about it,
With a smile on her face;
"We shall never be younger, oh, love, let us forth,
For the world is young, and our eyes are old."
Ay, the world is young, and our eyes are old,
For the world is young, and our eyes are old.

II.
Then there fell the great yearning upon me that never
Will yet come into words,
While heaven and manhood and womanhood spoke
And faltered the dove to the dove.
And I came to the door, "Inherit, inherit!" and
"Sing with the birds."
I went up to the wood with the child of my heart
And the wife of my love.

III.
Oh, purest of paths! Wild hyacinth drank it,
The dream light space;
Not a leaf moved at all, the blue, they hung
Waiting for messages kind;
"Tell cherry trees dropped their white blossom that
defied no whit from its place,
For the world was far from us, and the hilling
low voice of the wind."

IV.
And the child's dancing feet gave us part in the
revelation almost a pain;
An infinite terror of life, a form mariner that lurked
out on time,
Ah, short must all in the doing and spend itself
sweetly in rain,
And the promise be only fulfillment to learn from
the height of its prime?

V.
"We shall never be younger!" say, mock me not
fancy, now call from you too;
They have thrown me the world they would own over,
went up; and, alas, for my part,
I am left to grow old and to grieve and to change,
but they change not with me;
They will never be older, the child of my love and
the wife of my heart.

JEAN KROGER.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN STERLING.

An anecdote is told of John Sterling, while a student at Cambridge University, which well illustrates the zeal with which he threw himself into whatever was going forward. While Mr. Hare, his college tutor, was lecturing one day, a fire broke out in a neighbouring building, and all the students rushed off to help to extinguish it. Forming themselves in lines from the river to the fire, they kept passing buckets of water from one to another as long as was necessary. Mr. Hare, on going along the line, was surprised to find Sterling at the river end of it, up to his waist in the water, and reproached him for his thoughtlessness in risking injury to his health, which was weak. And this was the answer which Mr. Hare received: "Somebody must be in it; why not I as well as another?" — Little Folks.

MARTIN LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.

Luther not only told the clergy, as a rule, might be married, but he thought it far better that they should be married; and the poor men and women who were troubled about the breaking up of their religious houses, he freely advised to marry without fear or scruple. But still around a row a certain imagined sanctity persisted in adhering, and when he was recommended to set an example to others who were hesitating, he considered, that in his position with so many indigent eyes turned upon him, he ought not to give occasion to his enemy. Once, indeed, impatiently he said that marry he would to spite the monks, but he had no wife to come to offer to any woman, and no leisure and no certainty of companionship. He was for some years after the Edict of Worms in constant expectation of being executed as a heretic. He still lived in the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg, but the monks had gone, and there were no revenues. He had no income of his own, and his only clothes served him for two years; the Elector at the end of them gave him a piece of cloth for another. The publishers made fortunes out of his writings, but he never received a florin for them. So ill-attended he was that for a whole year his bed was never made, and was mended with patchwork. He said "I was tired out with my work," he said "and by down and knock me down." But things were going on again in the Electorate. The parishes were provided with pastors, and the pastors with modest wages. Luther was professor at the University, and the Elector allowed him a salary of 200 gulden a year. Presents came from other quarters, so that he began to think that it was not well for him to be alone. In Wittenberg there was a certain Catharine von Bora, sixteen years younger than he, who had been a nun in a distant convent. Her family were noble, but poor; they had provided for their daughter by placing her in the cloister when she was a child of nine; at fifteen she had escaped, and she had devoted the life to the study of the Bible, and when the movement began she had applied to her friends to take her out of it. The friends would do nothing; but in April, 1523, she and nine others were released by the people. They were starving, Luther collected money to provide for them, and Catharine von Bora, being then twenty-four years old, came to Wittenberg to reside with the Burgomaster, Philip Boichenbach. Luther did not at first like her; she was not beautiful, and he thought that she was proud of her birth and blood; but she was a simple, sensible, shrewd, and kind woman; she, in the sense in which Luther was, might consider herself devoted to God, and a fit wife for a religious reformer. Luther's own father was most anxious that he should marry, and in a short time they came to understand each other. So on the 13th of June, 1525, a month after Luther had been stamped out at Frankenburg, little party was collected in the town, the pastor, Prof. Jonas, Lucas Cranach, the painter, with his wife, and Prof. Apol of Bamberg, who had himself married a nun; and in this presence Martin Luther and Catharine von Bora became man and wife. — J. A. Froude, in the Contemporary Review.

THE MONASTERY OF BEQUEBEE.

In Lower Normandy, a few miles from Cherbourg, in the heart of one of the richest agricultural districts of France, is the Monastery of Bequebee—the headquarters of the Trappists. The inmates share with the Carthusians the good fortune of having been intentionally overlooked by the French Government when the famous March Dorees were put in force against the unauthorized religious Orders. This exceptional indulgence was not due to romantic or sentimental considerations, but to the fact that Trappists and Carthusians had built up industries which the Government had no desire to see transferred to some neighboring State. So the monks of St. Bruno were left to manufacture their characteristic unpolished in their mountainous solitude in Dauphine, and the Trappists were allowed to cultivate their lands and to make cheese. The rule observed in the monastery is of extraordinary severity, and yet the monks are for the most part robust and cheerful. They are not allowed to wear hats, and their work is done in the fields, with their frocks tucked up above their ankles and their naked feet thrust into enormous *sabots*. They rise at two a.m. on week-days, at one on Sundays and festivals of the second order, and at midnight on solemn festivals. Two more hours of sleep are allowed during the day, and the remainder of the time is spent at the different services in the chapel, in private prayer, reading, and manual labor. A code of signs is employed in lieu of speech, but is only resorted to in cases of absolute necessity. The meals alter according to the seasons. From Easter to the 14th of September the monks have, in addition to their ordinary six courses of bread in the early morning, dinner and supper, at which, however, no flesh-meat is eaten. On Wednesday and Friday dinner and supper are suppressed, and three ounces of bread are served out at night instead. From the 14th of September to Easter the latter part of the day is spent in the kitchen, and the allowance of bread is still further reduced on fast-days. The use of linen, either on the body or as bed-clothes, is strictly prohibited. The habit of coarse serge is worn next to the skin at night as well as by day. If a monk is ill, or even dying, he is not allowed bed-linen, but the luxury of a somewhat thicker serge is usually allowed in such extreme cases permitted. The visitor to the Monastery of Bequebee should be warned not to ride the bell tower, the hours of noon and two. If he does so he may be sure that the door will remain closed. It is at this time that the inmates take their *meritades* or midday sleep, and the monastery is wrapped in silence. If he rings before twelve or after two a face will peep out through a grating, and when the visitor's request is made known the door will probably open, after some delay, and a monk, bowing graciously to the stranger, will give him a sign to follow. If an unreflecting person asks a question of the guide he will be answered by a gesture. After traversing a few passages and ascending a flight of steps the dormitories are reached. They contain 100 cells. Not long after the monastery was built—this was in 1824—there were over eighty monks to occupy the cells; now there are only fifty. Besides the vacancies caused by death, those by desertion have to be taken into account. Apart from the question of religious fervor, it is not infrequently happens that a man is physically incapable of supporting the life of a Trappist. What, after the census, the Order has been steadily decreasing in numbers of late years. The cells contain each a low wooden bedstead, extremely simple pattern, on which Mr. Hare, his college tutor, was lecturing one day, a fire broke out in a neighbouring building, and all the students rushed off to help to extinguish it. Forming themselves in lines from the river to the fire, they kept passing buckets of water from one to another as long as was necessary. Mr. Hare, on going along the line, was surprised to find Sterling at the river end of it, up to his waist in the water, and reproached him for his thoughtlessness in risking injury to his health, which was weak. And this was the answer which Mr. Hare received: "Somebody must be in it; why not I as well as another?" — Little Folks.

AN EXTRAORDINARY COUNTRY.

The Times' Commissioner, on his "American tour," has reached Montana. He describes an extraordinary district, through which he is passing, as a "bad land." While telling slowly up a steep grade the railway cars gradually enter the desolate region known as the Dakota "Bad Land." Previous notification of this was given by the ballasting of the line and the construction of the track, which is a broken ridge of clay, looking much like broken bricks and terra cotta. The light and soil formations, passing over a summit and starting on a down grade towards the valley of the Little Missouri River, we enter this curious region of conical and pyramidal hills scattered about, with red soil furrowed by the rains, and smoke issuing from some of the craters. The hills are of various shapes, some are conical, some are pyramidal, some are subterranean and have burnt the clay above them until it has become brittle and red. Vegetation is not entirely destroyed, for a weak-looking yellowish grass grows on patches of the surface. There are patches of bushes and some of great oaks scattered about, looking much like the oaks of the prairie, but at times isolated, and sometimes in rows, many being of great size. Their sides are frequently tormented as regularly as if cut by human hands, and they assume fantastic shapes, often appearing as the sloping ramparts of an ancient city. Among the hills are found a few holes, many filled with red soil, and some of them are perfectly square-cut edges. On these "Bad Lands," which cross the railway at several places, there is no cultivation and no appearance of habitation, excepting such as is put up for the railway servants. Stenches of this forbidding country are crossed for a long distance, with intervening parts of tillable and grazing land in the sheltered valleys between rows of the "buttes." The railway winds among the conical hills, setting the easiest route and occasionally cutting through one of them, disclosing its interior as a pile of fragments of red-brown earth and ashes mixed with sand. There are no signs of any living thing. A few scraggy trees of stunted growth are sparsely scattered on the sides of some of the hills as the river is approached, but they are evidently being killed by fire, being scorched and bare like gnarled skeletons. In this region the Little Missouri River is crossed, its wide bed containing only a few straggling reeds and willows. At another lower half mile and half wooded houses with a fine red-roofed building on a bluff overlooking the river, the home of a French marquis who has a cattle ranch near by, and has already had to protect himself against the desperadoes of the frontier by killing his men. He is a fine-looking fellow, and has a long white beard, and is dressed in a suit of long black cloth, with a white waistcoat and long black trousers. He is the proprietor of the "Pyramid Hotel." The scenery among these rounded and furrowed "buttes," as the desolate "Bad Lands," gradually give place to the grazing section of Montana, and the little prairie dogs that resemble the ground squirrels, which are not much else of life. Not far away from the Little Missouri, after boiling up a steep grade, the train passes the summit of the ridge at an elevation of 2,500 feet, and crosses the 10th meridian of longitude, dividing Dakota from the territory of Montana. To the southwest stands up the "Sentinel Butte," the sun shining on its reddish yellow sides, and making a landmark for the region. It was here that General Custer and his army were defeated by the Sioux, and the army was annihilated and massacred by the Sioux a few weeks ago.

A SYMPATHETIC LETTER.

Some of Hugh Miller's letters of condolence are original and sympathetic. We give an extract from one:—I shall not urge you with the common topics of consolation, I know the heart will not listen even when the judgment approves. Grief is a strange thing; it is both deaf and blind. Where could it be more perfectly pure from every mixture of evil or folly than in the breast of our Saviour? And yet even in Him, we must have known that He whom His mourners had to step out before Him a living man. May I not remind you that He who sorrowed then can sympathize in our sorrow now? —The Quiver.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A SINGER.

Among the many notices relating to Mr. Gladstone in the memoirs and published correspondence of his contemporaries we do not remember any which refer to him as a singer. Of the charm, the strength, and the compass of his speaking voice we have heard often enough, but it strikes one as a novelty to come across a reference to him as a sweet singer. Such a reference occurs in the *Illustrated London News*, in which Lord Ronald Gower has lately published, and which we are not surprised to see have speedily run through a first edition. Lord Ronald's admiration for his mother, the late Duchess of Sutherland, and his reverence for her memory are very prominent in his notices. In one of these passages, referring to her introduction with Mr. Gladstone, he writes of the latter:—"He had long before this become one of my mother's best and greatest friends. Her admiration for him was boundless, and the last years of her life were certainly made happier by his friendship. His voice was a rich, low, and an intense, and even when endeavoring too much to receive others and would always make an effort to appear sufficiently well to receive him. I find in a letter from her, written to me in the previous year (1863), after meeting Mr. Gladstone, when on a visit to her sister, Lady Raoulston, at Quanton, in Somersetshire, that he was 'quite delightful, pouring out such floods of agreeable knowledge all day long, and singing beautifully in the evening. Nobody makes me feel more the happiness of knowledge, and the wish for it; one must not forget that he has the happiness of the peace which passes all understanding.' Some of his correspondence with my mother may be published. He wrote constantly and fully to her *Literary Notes in Daily Mail*."

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HONGKONG MARKETS.

As Reported by the Standard of the 5th Nov. 1883.

COTTON GOODS.	
American Drill, 30 yards, per piece	\$2.00 to 2.10
American Drill, 36 yards, per piece	\$2.10 to 2.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 10 to 24, per piece	\$1.00 to 1.10
Oxford Yarn, No. 25 to 40, per piece	\$1.10 to 1.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 45 to 60, per piece	\$1.20 to 1.30
Oxford Yarn, No. 65 to 80, per piece	\$1.30 to 1.40
Oxford Yarn, No. 85 to 100, per piece	\$1.40 to 1.50
Oxford Yarn, No. 105 to 120, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.60
Oxford Yarn, No. 125 to 140, per piece	\$1.60 to 1.70
Oxford Yarn, No. 145 to 160, per piece	\$1.70 to 1.80
Oxford Yarn, No. 165 to 180, per piece	\$1.80 to 1.90
Oxford Yarn, No. 185 to 200, per piece	\$1.90 to 2.00
Oxford Yarn, No. 205 to 220, per piece	\$2.00 to 2.10
Oxford Yarn, No. 225 to 240, per piece	\$2.10 to 2.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 245 to 260, per piece	\$2.20 to 2.30
Oxford Yarn, No. 265 to 280, per piece	\$2.30 to 2.40
Oxford Yarn, No. 285 to 300, per piece	\$2.40 to 2.50
Oxford Yarn, No. 305 to 320, per piece	\$2.50 to 2.60
Oxford Yarn, No. 325 to 340, per piece	\$2.60 to 2.70
Oxford Yarn, No. 345 to 360, per piece	\$2.70 to 2.80
Oxford Yarn, No. 365 to 380, per piece	\$2.80 to 2.90
Oxford Yarn, No. 385 to 400, per piece	\$2.90 to 3.00
Oxford Yarn, No. 405 to 420, per piece	\$3.00 to 3.10
Oxford Yarn, No. 425 to 440, per piece	\$3.10 to 3.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 445 to 460, per piece	\$3.20 to 3.30
Oxford Yarn, No. 465 to 480, per piece	\$3.30 to 3.40
Oxford Yarn, No. 485 to 500, per piece	\$3.40 to 3.50
Oxford Yarn, No. 505 to 520, per piece	\$3.50 to 3.60
Oxford Yarn, No. 525 to 540, per piece	\$3.60 to 3.70
Oxford Yarn, No. 545 to 560, per piece	\$3.70 to 3.80
Oxford Yarn, No. 565 to 580, per piece	\$3.80 to 3.90
Oxford Yarn, No. 585 to 600, per piece	\$3.90 to 4.00
Oxford Yarn, No. 605 to 620, per piece	\$4.00 to 4.10
Oxford Yarn, No. 625 to 640, per piece	\$4.10 to 4.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 645 to 660, per piece	\$4.20 to 4.30
Oxford Yarn, No. 665 to 680, per piece	\$4.30 to 4.40
Oxford Yarn, No. 685 to 700, per piece	\$4.40 to 4.50
Oxford Yarn, No. 705 to 720, per piece	\$4.50 to 4.60
Oxford Yarn, No. 725 to 740, per piece	\$4.60 to 4.70
Oxford Yarn, No. 745 to 760, per piece	\$4.70 to 4.80
Oxford Yarn, No. 765 to 780, per piece	\$4.80 to 4.90
Oxford Yarn, No. 785 to 800, per piece	\$4.90 to 5.00
Oxford Yarn, No. 805 to 820, per piece	\$5.00 to 5.10
Oxford Yarn, No. 825 to 840, per piece	\$5.10 to 5.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 845 to 860, per piece	\$5.20 to 5.30
Oxford Yarn, No. 865 to 880, per piece	\$5.30 to 5.40
Oxford Yarn, No. 885 to 900, per piece	\$5.40 to 5.50
Oxford Yarn, No. 905 to 920, per piece	\$5.50 to 5.60
Oxford Yarn, No. 925 to 940, per piece	\$5.60 to 5.70
Oxford Yarn, No. 945 to 960, per piece	\$5.70 to 5.80
Oxford Yarn, No. 965 to 980, per piece	\$5.80 to 5.90
Oxford Yarn, No. 985 to 1000, per piece	\$5.90 to 6.00

HONGKONG MARKETS.

As Reported by the Standard of the 5th Nov. 1883.

COTTON GOODS.	
American Drill, 30 yards, per piece	\$2.00 to 2.10
American Drill, 36 yards, per piece	\$2.10 to 2.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 10 to 24, per piece	\$1.00 to 1.10
Oxford Yarn, No. 25 to 40, per piece	\$1.10 to 1.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 45 to 60, per piece	\$1.20 to 1.30
Oxford Yarn, No. 65 to 80, per piece	\$1.30 to 1.40
Oxford Yarn, No. 85 to 100, per piece	\$1.40 to 1.50
Oxford Yarn, No. 105 to 120, per piece	\$1.50 to 1.60
Oxford Yarn, No. 125 to 140, per piece	\$1.60 to 1.70
Oxford Yarn, No. 145 to 160, per piece	\$1.70 to 1.80
Oxford Yarn, No. 165 to 180, per piece	\$1.80 to 1.90
Oxford Yarn, No. 185 to 200, per piece	\$1.90 to 2.00
Oxford Yarn, No. 205 to 220, per piece	\$2.00 to 2.10
Oxford Yarn, No. 225 to 240, per piece	\$2.10 to 2.20
Oxford Yarn, No. 245 to 260, per piece	\$2.20 to 2.30
Oxford Yarn, No. 265 to 280, per piece	\$2.30 to 2.40
Oxford Yarn, No. 285 to 300, per piece	\$2.40 to 2.50
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Oxford Yarn, No. 945 to 960, per piece	\$5.70 to 5.80
Oxford Yarn, No. 965 to 980, per piece	\$5.80 to 5.90
Oxford Yarn, No. 985 to 1000, per piece	\$5.90 to 6.00

HONGKONG MARKETS.

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COTTON GOODS.	
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